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By DAN CAREY.

NO sooner had we read that the Post Impressionists were throwing a couple of fits in full view of the spectators up at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which we still insist ought to be known as the New York Picture Gallery, than we hastened to one of the two story automobiles that operate on THE AVENUE and slipped a dime into the crevice held out to us by the Black and Tan Sinn Feiner in charge of the conveyance.

Being a devotee of art, we are always among those present whenever an exhibition is arranged for the Cubists, the Futurists, the Post Impressionists, the Impressionists and the Anti-Impressionists. It does us good. It makes us appreciate art.

It is a splendid thing to be able to appreciate art. We mean all kinds of art, not only pictures. Now there was the case of a friend of ours who went to Europe a number of years ago. He had been a wholesale grocer in our town and had amassed a considerable fortune. Of course, he really got his start during the days when the retail grocery stores sold liquor as well as provisions. This was said to have been a great convenience to the women of those days, because the man of the family never objected to going in the grocery store on his way home. Even after his arrival there he very frequently noted that his wife was out of pepper, salt, or something of that kind, and so, tired as he was after a hard day's work, he would ungrudgingly put on his shoes and his collar again and go willingly back to the grocery store.

Well, anyway, that is the way our friend got his start. Of course, later his business became of the wholesale variety, and still later on he worked into the Captain of Industry class and became a deacon of the church. But he always thought in terms of pecks and bushels.

Reminiscences Aroused by Much Discussed Exhibition at the Metropolitan Range From Captain of Industry's Comment on Rome's Outstanding Feature Down to Use of "You All" by Southerners and "Youse" by Northerners

One spring we gave him a write up in our local paper when he announced his complete retirement from business with the intention of spending the remainder of his life in travel. He left shortly afterward for Europe, where he remained about five months. So far as we know he has never left the State again. One season of Europe cured him.

Upon his return to our town we had the pleasure of receiving the assignment to interview him. The unpublished portion of that interview was the best.

"Uncle John," we asked, "what was the most interesting place you saw in Europe?"

He pondered before replying.

"I reckon it was Rome," he answered. "That is a great place to see things."

"Did you see the Vatican?" we asked.

"Oh, yes, I seen it," he said, "but I wasn't very much interested with that. You see there are so many pictures in Europe that you find them in every city. I don't just recall what the Vatican looks like, but I know I must have seen it."

We changed the subject slightly.

"Well, what was the most interesting thing you saw while you were in Rome?" we asked.

"Well, sir," he responded unhesitatingly, "I'll tell you what it was. The second day I was in Rome they were selling Irish potatoes at 50 cents a peck right on the streets of the city."

was the case of Charley Trimble and William Trimmins, both of Cumberland Island, Ga., who once visited us in Atlanta. We had gone to the Island during the summer for the purpose of swimming and fishing, and there we became the friend of Charley and William, two venerable negro boatmen, who furnished the bait, rowed the boat and drank the liquor if you didn't keep your eye on them. We invited them to visit us in Atlanta and the following winter they came to the city for the first time.

After acting as guide around the city we secured them passes to a cheap melodrama then showing at the opera house and saw them safely into the top gallery, after which we returned to work. They were delighted because it was their first experience at the theatre.

An hour later they were at the office again.

"Why, boys, the show isn't over yet, is it?" we asked.

"No, sur, de show ain't over, but we is. We left dat place 'fore de trouble started."

"What happened?" we asked.

It was Charley who answered.

"It was des natcherly terrible, dat's what. Yo' see, when we furst went in an' sot down, attar we quit blinkin' at de lights, we had er chance to look at de picture. It was a pretty picture, too, and it must 'a' taken a heap er paint. Den dey drawed it up and began talkin' 'bout somethin' that wasn't none of our business, so I says 'Come on, William, let's go.' But dey didn't nobody else

go, so William lowed we better stay. So I 'greed.

"Furst thing yo' know here come out er pretty girl wid er man all dress up in ridin' britches des for de world like dem Yankees I see ridin' around on Miss Carnegie's place down on de Island. Well, sur, de way he talked to dat pretty young girl was scand'lous. He des insulted her right out, dat's what he did. Den when she slapped him he hit her wid dat ridin' whip des as hard as he could and grabbed her aroun' de waist. She lit into hollerin' for help. De tears was streamin' down her face, and she says, 'Save me! Oh save me from dis man!'

"Well, sur, I was lookin' fur somethin' to start right den, but do you know dey warn't nary white man in dat house rose up or said er word. I had done got nervous and when I looked at William I seen he was likewise.

"William," I says, 'us better go 'fore dis young lady's people get here and start shootin',' so me an' William made a break for de door, so here we is, and I reckon we are about ready to start back for de Island of dat's de way de young white men of dis town treats de wimmin folks."

same emotions as Charley and William, only in a more cultured way.

If these two old negroes had known anything of city life they would have realized that men do not abuse women now by striking them with whips. There are other, better and more effective ways of abusing them.

It is easy to handle women if you just go about it right. There was a man in our town who had grown very wealthy. He had come to the city as a poor boy. He had saved a little and invested. His investment was profitable. He saved again and invested. Again he profited. And so he had gone on and on. In the twilight of his life, when we knew him best, he was a very rich man. The wife of his youth was still with him, sharing in his joys and in his prosperity, as she had once willingly shared in his sorrows and his poverty.

One day we found the old gentleman sitting at his desk in the bank with apparently nothing very important engaging his attention, so we drew him into a general conversation for the purpose of obtaining his views upon various questions which were at the time of interest. Finally we asked him that question that has been asked many times of men who have grown wealthy in the worldly sense.

"You," we said, "are rich. Would you mind saying to what you attribute your material success in life. Why, in your opinion, have you grown wealthy?"

"Riches are comparative," he answered. "I am not rich when the wealth that others have is considered. However, I know what you mean. You want to know why I have

been successful. I can tell you. You also can be successful if you will do as I have done.

"Ever since I got married I have considered my wife as my business partner and have consulted her on all my investments. I have never bought a piece of property without showing it to her first and asking for her judgment. I have never bought a share of stock or a batch of bonds without first talking to her about the investment and asking her opinion. That's how I got rich."

"Well, didn't you and your wife ever disagree about the investments you wanted to make?" we asked.

"Oh certainly," he answered. "We disagreed very frequently."

"What did you do then?"

"Well, you see whenever she disagreed with me, then I knew that in that particular instance her judgment was faulty."

Red Indians and Their Traits May Be Reincarnated In Americans

WHEN the American melting pot has done its melting and has fused the elements of our life into something stable and fixed, what will the metal of our race be like? Will the Puritan strain of New England be dominant in the alloy? Or will the result be a balanced compound of the various European, Asiatic and African elements that at present make up our national life?

Shall we emerge as a new race, with new traits, new ways of looking at the world, new thoughts with which to face the riddles of time and eternity? Or will we recapitulate the peoples of the earth in an eclectic mixture with the Anglo-Saxon strain dominant, and will our thoughts be as the mingled echoes of the conflicting wisdom of the Old World?

These are questions that haunt the imagination of prophets of the new America, and furnish riddles for Americanizers. For we all yearn toward that mystic land, the America of the future. We know that our land and people are different from the push-the-button-automaton of European caricature, an automaton that seems long ago to have been accepted by our politicians. We know that there are elements underneath in our people, emotional and passionate strains vaguely felt and scarcely expressed. Will these become dominant in the New America?

It is difficult to answer. But it is certain that already we exhibit traits which our Anglo-Saxon cousins across the sea do not recognize. These traits seem to be struggling toward expression in art, especially in the work of our younger novelists and poets.

The physical environment of America works changes in the European peoples that come here. The very spirit of place affects them. The western sun, soil and air are different from those of Europe. Our immigrants are on a new earth, whose vibration and chemical composition are new to them, and their very flesh and sinews take on a disposition.

It has been a frequent observation of travellers in the West that racial groups like the Scandinavian and German change considerably after a generation of life in America. The Scandinavians lose their brilliant blond coloring. Their skins become darker, sallow; they acquire a new thinness, and their faces become etched with the deep lines characteristic of the faces of the Indians of the plains. Our sun and our climate do things to these North Europeans, and they do things to the South Europeans as well, though their physical characteristics may not change so obviously.

These physical changes, we may be certain, are accompanied by or are perhaps the

Astonishing Points of Resemblance Shown in Melting Pot Products and Amusing Result Because of Prohibition Is Forecast

result of inner physical changes. What are these changes, and what affects them? Many writers think we are coming to resemble the Indians. One writer, in plumbing the soul of this changing race of ours, comes upon the soul of the aboriginal American, whom we have elbowed off the continent. He argues that since we have cut off the Indian from his racial development we must take up the burden of his soul, and lodge him with all his desires and aspirations in our collective breast. A new and alarming view of the white man's burden, that!

The climate itself tries to convert us into redskins. The sun and wind of America, especially of the plains and of the far West, make for the darkly roddy, deep lined face of the Indian. Then, too, we seem to be running to the loosed limbs, acquiline featured type, springy in carriage and jaunty in demeanor, somewhat like the traditional redskin type. Added to this mysterious and unconscious growing to be like the Indian, we seem to be consciously imitating certain styles and customs of the red man.

In our fondness for secret societies we frankly imitate our aborigines. The number and the vogue of secret societies in America is a source of never failing wonder to the European. We have our orders of the Badger, Snake, Wolf, Catfish, Bear, Gopher, et cetera, et cetera, in ever increasing numbers, following the example of the clan and totem, and the various false face, masking and dancing societies, and other secret organizations among the Indians.

There seems to be something in our nature which responds to the mystery and masking and mumbo-jumbo, which always fascinated the Indian. A new secret society in the United States has only to make its appearance to get its thousands of members at once. Europe knows nothing like it.

Anthropologists have noticed with interest that the Indians, both in North and South America, deplete pretty thoroughly. The men go without beard or mustache and cut off a great deal of the hair of their head. The women deplete, too. It needs no Ph. D.'s thesis to prove that we are imitating the Indians in this. Among us a mustache is a matter for joking; a beard is a surefire butt for popular humor. Hair cutting styles follow the skirt and go higher every year. And as for depilation among women, one needs but look at the advertisements for scores of curiously named

hair removers to be convinced that our American sisters have taken this tautology of their red skinned predecessors very much to heart.

While we are on the subject of women we might pause to shy a brick or two at the ordinary conception of the position of women among the Indians. Here we would expect to find something very different from the position of the fair sex in our American life, a position which has long been occasion for humorous wonder to Europe.

Surely the lowly squaw occupied no place in life at all comparable to that of her white sister. But any study of the subject shows us that the squaw was not the humble, downtrodden creature that common tradition makes her out to have been. She was an important member of her society. All property was vested in her, and if she did not like her husband, or think he was doing his duty in providing for her, she could send him packing out upon the cold prairie.

Among such tribes as those of the Iroquois confederacy women had a place of power. They could elect and depose chiefs, and certain chieftainships were in their gift exclusively. War could not be declared without the consent of the childbearing women of the tribe. Even the old saw about the brave always walking in front of his wife to show his position as head of the household breaks down under close scrutiny. Indians were accustomed to walk in single file and, of course, like all good Americans the man took the position of danger. And that was in front of course. The Indian's habit of walking in front of his wife was the exact analogue of our habit of taking the curb side of the street when walking with a lady.

The Indians, it seems, were inclined to put woman on a pedestal, just as we are. Surely our gynocentrism is not a heritage of the Puritans. Their thoughts were focused on Israel and its patriarchal society, where woman came off second best. We do not get it from the European continent either; it would seem, for, with the exception of the Scandinavian countries, no European nation has granted such powers and liberties to its women as has ours. The redskin again emerges from the melting pot of the earth. The Indian, too, had a melting pot all his own. He accepted members of other tribes and nations into his tribes and made them full sharers with himself in all its benefits. The Iroquois even accepted captives of war,

the women of the tribe adopting men of the captured enemy as sons or husbands. We may reach that stage some day. Give us time.

In athletic prowess the redskin and the modern American have much in common. The Indian was and is an athlete of the first order. We have only to think of such men as Jim Thorpe to visualize the Indian athlete. A recent writer on the Indians of the plains tells the story of a brave who travelled three days on snowshoes, without food, and without once stopping to rest, a feat that makes the marathon look like very small potatoes.

There seems to be something in the American climate and in the American life which puts the real ginger into our athletes. The present position of America in world athletics is sufficient proof that we have inherited the physical "zip" of our red skinned brothers.

Something of the vivid, descriptive quality of the Indian speech is finding its way into our language. American slang is a swift picture making speech. Much of it will probably find its way into the colloquial, and even into the literary language, giving zest and color to our English.

There is still another way in which we seem to be growing to resemble the Indian, a way which is not very flattering to us. That is in our reaction to alcohol. We have banished King Alcohol from our shores. Already Europe is being treated to the spectacle of Americans who come over in droves prepared almost to sell their birthrights for a demijohn. The liquor trade among the Americans of the present day is proving almost as remunerative to the astute European booze runner as it was to the fur trader and land buyer among the American aborigines.

As our prohibition laws grow more stringent prices will soar, and greater efforts will be needed to get the firewater. Expeditions of daring adventurers no doubt will band themselves together in Europe to run the flaming liquid into America in exchange for our gold. Who can tell that cities and counties will not be sold for liquor?

Then we may see the spires of Manhattan exchanged for a magnum of champagne, and the broad acres of Chicago going for a dozen bottles of amber fluid. How the shades will laugh in the happy hunting grounds!

Before the advent of that tragic and comical time let us hope that we may be at peace in our soul with the soul of the departed red man, and that he will forbear to wreak upon us that final and poetic vengeance. And with that peace we shall have a new race among the races of the earth. It is possible. All things, it seems, are possible in this chaotic little cosmos of ours.

As we were saying, we went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to inspect the pictures of the post impressionists. The advertisement had already been printed in the newspapers, so all we had to do was follow the crowd, which conducted us straight to the picture of the "Girl Arranging Her Chemise."

When we looked at the picture we had a return of the same sensation we had when we paid a perfectly good dime as a small boy to see a two-headed calf in a sideshow at a county fair, and then found that the thing was dead. What we had expected to see was a regular live calf that could eat bran mash with one hand and drink water with the other, both at the same time, but instead of that all we saw was the corpse. Frankly we felt stung, and that's the way we felt when we saw this picture of a fat girl out in the woods drawing up the shoulder strap of her chemise over her shoulder.

There was nothing bad about the picture at all except the painting. Besides they don't wear chemises any more. They went out of style about the time a flapper was going the rounds. We can't repeat it because we have utterly forgotten it, but we do remember that chemise rhymed with Princess Louise.

Now there was another picture in the exhibition that was worth while if you overlooked the bad drawing and the bum painting. It was called "Woman Dressing Her Hair." Just why she should have been dressing her hair to the utter neglect of other portions of her anatomy, which sadly needed dressing, was not disclosed by the catalogue.

But what we did not understand about the exhibition was why the press agent centred all his attention on the "Girl Arranging Her Chemise" when a detailed description of the "Woman Dressing Her Hair" would have packed the gallery all during the day, and everybody would have been obliged to ride to the gallery on the bus line at a cost of 10 cents each way, because the bus line is the only feasible means of reaching the place.

Anyway, we don't regret our dime. We had a good time and besides we just love art.